MOON KNIGHT

BEMIS • DAVIDSON • MILLA

MARVEL

Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonshu.** In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonshu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as…

MOON KNIGHT

Moon Knight infiltrated the Societé de Sadiques, having discovered their sinister leader is none other than his "Uncle" Ernst—the Nazi-disguised-as-Rabbi he had befriended as a youth, before witnessing him torture a Jewish man in the traumatic event that helped trigger Marc's dissociative identity disorder. Ernst put Marc through a gauntlet wherein he defeated the elite inner circle of the Societé, but was pushed to the brink. Beyond exhausted, beyond reason, Marc is now in Ernst's clutches. But Ernst doesn't want to kill him…he wants Marc to see things his way…

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WILLIAMSBURG.
BROOKLYN, NY.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS *MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.*

OR WHATEVER YOUR LEGION OF SOFT, PLIABLE BRATS CHOOSE TO CALL IT THESE DAYS.

YOU LIVE IN A FICTION THAT IS AN *EXCUSE.*

CARBONATIUM

SAFE

ord Av

YOUR TRIO OF IMAGINARY FRIENDS ARE MERELY EXTENSIONS OF YOUR OWN WHIM.

"MENTAL ILLNESS"?

"SOCIAL AWARENESS"?

DO NOT EVEN GET ME STARTED ON THE PROLIFERATED FALLACIES OF "QUEER" AND "MULTI-ETHNIC."

"ME TOO!" "ME TOO!" *SHEEP.*

YOU CHOOSE TO DWELL AMONG *SHEEP!*

ACH... I TRY TO REMAIN CALM AT ALL TIMES.

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS.

CARBONATIUM CAFE

SALE $

FIRST, I WILL WALTZ YOU THROUGH THE FADING HUSK OF A METROPOLIS.

YOU HAVE BEEN WHISKED AWAY FROM YOUR PUNCHING CIRCUS AND SHOT WITH DRUGS.

THIS IS NOW YOUR "THING."

HOW YOU NOW ARE HERE, WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LITTLE GIRL...IS IRRELEVANT. FILL IN THE BLANKS YOURSELF.

HEHE. HE.

GEL

SOON THE MONOSTRUCTURE WILL BE REVEALED THROUGH MY ILLUSIVE COMMENTARY AND ITS CORRELATION TO THE UNIVERSE AROUND YOU.

IF YOU DO NOT CLEARLY *COMPREHEND* BY THE END OF THIS *FINAL TEST*, I SNAP MY FINGERS...

...AND YOUR DIATRICE *DIES.*

THE *SOCIETE DE SADIQUES* IS *ALIVE* AND *WELL.*

DO YOU *SEE* YET?

ARKET

NO.

MEIN GOTT, *EVEN TODAY YOU SHINE.*

BEDFORD AV

OUR "MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR" BEGINS!

MARC, WELCOME TO NORTH 7TH AND BEDFORD, THE HEART OF BROOKLYN GENTRIFICATION.

CARBONATIUM CAFE

ONE WAY

SALE

YOU WOULD THINK SOMEONE AS OLD AS ME, ALMOST AS OLD AS *TIME*, WOULD NOT BE INVOLVED IN THIS, BUT *OH*...THE SOCIETÉ IS *AWARE*, MARC!

THIS IS *OUR DOING!*

ALL OVER, THEY HAVE FELT IT...AND THIS IS WHERE WE PLANTED THE SEED.

MISERY, SELFISH SEX, AND VIOLENCE HAVE BEEN MADE TO TAKE ROOT. *WE DO NOT WILT, MARC.*

WEIRD.

DO NOT BE *DISTRACTED!*

CAFE

HA. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN *WEAK.*

I DRINK THIS TEA *EVERY DAY* AND *MY MIND IS CLEAR.*

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU WEIRD LITTLE--

WEAK. CRAZY. CONFUSED.

AND I PUT THAT IN YOU, MARC.

I STOLE YOUR HEART IN YOUR YOUTH...

BUT THIS IS NOT *YOUR GHETTO.*

HERE, I CAN *GRIP IT TIGHT AND SQUEEZE.*

ASK YOURSELF... DID I BREAK YOUR MIND? OR DID *WE* BREAK YOUR *GENES?*

I BET THAT QUESTION PLAGUES YOU NIGHTLY WHEN YOU *SHAKE AND SWEAT LIKE A JILTED CHILD.*

WHAT THE @#$%, MAN?!?

I'M SURE YOU'D RATHER BE *BASHING* FOOT SOLDIERS, BUT NOW YOU *SEE.*

NOT ONE FIGHT *MATTERED.*

AS FOR OUR CURRENT SITUATION, I ARRANGED FOR AN... *ISOLATED* EXPERIENCE WITH YOU.

NO SNIPERS. NO GUARDS. NOW YOU ARE ALONE WITH ME AGAIN.

WHERE I AM TRULY UNTOUCHABLE.

THE ONLY TEST THAT MATTERS.

OW.

OW.

WE'RE *FRIENDS, MARC.*

AND I HAVE SEEN YOUR POWER. I AM IN NEED OF AN *HEIR.*

AND A YOUNG, ABLE *FIST.*

SEE, I WAS NEVER A TRUE ANTI-SEMITE. I WAS AND AM A *REALIST.*

A REALIST OFFERING FAME, MONEY, AND POWER *CONSOLIDATED.*

BARGAIN BIN VIGILANTES. YOU DO NOT *BELONG AMONG THEM.*

BESIDES, SOON NONE OF YOU OR YOUR KIND WILL *MATTER.*

DU SCHWEIN.

LOOK!

North 7 St

LET YOUR NEWFOUND EYES *FEAST!*

SLEEP IN THE AUSTRIAN'S ROTTING, IMPOTENT SHELL...

...AND *DREAM WITH ME!!!*

HAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

SEE THE *INFINITY DINER!*

DO YOU THINK IT IS IGNORED FOR A REASON? IT IS *USELESS NOW.*

LIKE A *DEAD LITTLE GIRL.*

WITH *DEAD EYES* THAT *WERE ONCE* BRIGHT.

HERE, BED-STUY'S SUPERSIZED REBELLION WAS BOUGHT AND SOLD FOR AN UNTOLD FORTUNE.

WE OWNED THE RECORD SHOPS.

WE OVERPRICED THE HAND-ME-DOWNS, *WE* SUPPLIED THE INTRANASAL DRUGS, WE HARVESTED THE PLEASURE OF THOUSANDS OF WRITHING BODIES, JUST AS WE HAD IN *LOS ANGELES.*

WE PUT IT ON THE COVER OF YOUR ROCK AND ROLL MAGAZINES TO SAY "THIS IS OURS NOW!"

THIS IS OURS!

INFINITY diner

ACH. SO TIMID. TOO DAMN SCARED TO FOLLOW THROUGH.

YOU NEED TO BE *HERE* WITH ME, MARC.

DON'T LOSE TRACK OF TIME.

GAZE WITH ME ACROSS THE EAST RIVER FLOWING ALONG THE BANK OF OUR NEW EDEN.

PROPELLED BY THE SO-CALLED BEAUTY OF ITS *UTTER FILTH.*

HERE, WE CAN HEAR THE FAINT, WEAK SOUNDS OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE AS OUR DARK IDEA LITERALLY *COMES TO LIFE.*

HERE, WE TAUGHT IT HOW TO BOTH LOVE AND *DESPISE* ITSELF.

PERHAPS WHAT WE CREATED CAN THINK AT THIS POINT? LIKE A CHILD.

AN *IDIOT GOLEM* WHO FANCIES ITSELF SOME KIND OF PHILOSOPHER.

CAN YOU *SEE IT YET,* MARC?

GIVE A SUPER HERO DRUGS AND THEY BECOME *AWARE.*

ASK YOURSELF...ARE YOU MY *ONLY* LITTLE DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH?

CAN YOU "VOUCH" FOR ALL THOSE *WEST COAST AVENGERS?* FORMER MEMBERS OF YOUR SECRET AVENGERS?

HEH.

PAY THE PRICE AND MAKE THE *CUT,* MARC!

DO IT! DO AS I COMMAND!

NO!

I DON'T WANT TO!

MAKE THEM HURT LIKE YOU WANT THE *WORLD* TO HURT, MARC!

DOES THIS NOT *ANGER* YOU?!?

LET YOUR DARTS DO THE WALKING!

WAIT, WHAT...

GO. GET IN THERE.

NEO-OMICRON

WHOA.

THIS IS MESSED UP. WHO ARE--

AGH!

OH %@#$. NO.

HE'S NOT A *MAN*, MARC!

STOP LOOKING AT HIM AS A HUMAN BEING AND LOOK *DEEPER!*

DEEPER...

IT'S A MONSTER!

MONSTERS ARE REAL, MARC! DO YOU GET IT?

WE WORSHIP THEM, AND EVENTUALLY THEY WILL COME BACK TO *EAT THE WORLD!*

ANCIENT OCTOPI THAT PREDATED EXISTENCE?

USE YOUR FANCY *ASK JEEVES* AND COUNT THE RESULTS!

MONSTERS, MONSTERS, MONSTERS,

NAHAHAHHA HAHAHHA HAHAHA!

GO AWAY!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU!

LEAVE ME ALONE!!!

DUDE... STOP. PLEASE.

KHONSHU! STEVEN!

WHERE ARE YOU?!?

JAKE, PLEASE, I NEED YOU!

IT'S OKAY, MARC.

THEY ARE... OCCUPIED.

REMEMBER, *IT IS JUST US.*

DUDE. HE IS LITERALLY CRAZY.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MADE ME ANGRY, YOU ***PERVERTED @#$%.***

I WANT TO TEAR OFF YOUR ***HEAD*** RIGHT NOW, ERNST!

BESIDES, MARLENE THINKS I'M A GOOD GUY.

AND THERE'S NO WAY IN ***HELL*** DIATRICE IS GOING TO FEEL YOU RUINING ME.

WELL, FINE.

YOU MADE ME DO THIS.

SAY YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN ERRANT *SLAVE.*

UNGH!

I'M...

I'M A SLAVE.

SAY I'M THE FIRST MAN YOU EVER LOVED.

YOU'RE NOT MY DAD.

YOU'RE NOT MY DAD!

JOIN ME OR SHE DIES.

I...YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN I EVER...

HA!

YOU ARE LIKE *CLAY!*

NOW.

SAY THESE WORDS.

"I AM NO HERO. I DON'T DESERVE MY OWN INFINITY. AND TODAY IS THE DAY I FINALLY GIVE UP."

WIE... KANNST... DU...

BECAUSE I WOULD RATHER MY DAUGHTER DIE THAN GROW UP IN YOUR *SICK FABLE.*

I...I COULD STILL DO IT, MARC.

BUT YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU? I CAN SEE IT NOW. YOUR SOCIETY *MAROONED* YOU WITH ME.

BECAUSE I WAS THE ONE WHO FOUGHT BACK.

STOP.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE, MARC.

IN GERMANY.

FOR A MAN LIKE ME.

I CAN IMAGINE. MY GRANDPARENTS WERE *CZECH,* REMEMBER?

CAN I BORROW THIS?

THANKS.

HELL YEAH, MAN.

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DAZZLER

WAIT! P-PLEASE DON'T GO!

YOU KNOW WHAT?

YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO *ANYTHING* ANYMORE.

AND I NEED TO TAKE A $%@#$%@ *WALK.*

ENJOY YOUR *GOD WALK, CRAZY MAN!*

PREPARE TO MEET YOUR *MAKER,* MARC SPECTOR!

PREPARE TO MEET YOURS, YOU NAZI GEEZER...

DONUTS
BUY MC
BE HAPI
MAGIC
WHAT THE...?

HEY, MARC.

Bedford Av

THE END IS NIGH

THE RETURN OF THE **SUN KING!**
THE FINAL BATTLE!
MOON KNIGHT #200 NEXT MONTH!

NEXT MONTH:

Send letters to **MHEROES@marvel.com**, be sure to mark them **"OK TO PRINT."**

ZONE